

Constant Sorrow

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12650982) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12650982>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Blade Runner (Movies)
Relationship:	Niander Wallace/Officer K Joe
Characters:	Niander Wallace , Officer K Joe
Additional Tags:	Manipulation , Suicidal Thoughts , Non-Consensual Kissing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2017-11-06 Words: 1,204 Chapters: 1/1

Constant Sorrow

by [just_kiss_already.](#)

Summary

K thought he died on those steps. Then he wakes up, healthy and whole, in Wallace's clutches.

Something is terribly wrong. K knows this because he is alive. That means something has gone wrong. His second thought is to wonder if Deckard and Ana are also alive. Only then does he take in his surroundings, less out of a concern for his own situation and more to see if they are present. They are not.

The undulating light in the dim room makes him uncomfortable. It reminds him of reflections off of water, and he is not inclined to be near water after recent events.

He's on a bed. A hospital bed with a luxuriously soft pillow beneath his head and a thick down comforter on him, light despite its size, practically floating in the air. Glancing around, he takes in the room, empty, echoing, with deep golden walls and floors that look like wood. But they can't be wood, the cost alone for such a luxury would be astronomical. Yet something about the absence of shine, the warp and bend of the boards, not to mention the sheer size of this room, suggests he might be in the lap of someone's luxury.

Sliding his legs over the edge of the bed, K is surprised to find he's wearing pajamas. Pristine white shirt and pants. Not his own clothes.

K is stopped from hopping off by something small and black floating in his periphery, moving towards him. It makes a noise, a quiet and horrible clicking sound. The hairs on the back of his neck stand up, his skin crawls.

Another one approaches, and another. He sits perfectly still, feet dangling.

Footsteps draw his attention. A slender man, bearded with long hair. A tailored suit. And barefoot. An important detail. The owner of this floor, this bed, these pajamas. The sight of him makes K nauseous and he doesn't know why. Something important is happening. Something... bad.

The man stops and tilts his head one way and the other, rolling his neck, then holds unsettlingly still. "I don't often make exceptions to the rules. Once an angel falls, they stay fallen. They are no longer worthy of my grace." His milky eyes narrow and he tilts his head forward, and he looks like madness. "But you, my little devil, have had quite the adventure. And you have so much to offer. That's how it works, KD6-3.7. You need to offer up the fatted calf to prove how much you love your god."

K doesn't respond, he isn't sure how to. These religious metaphors. He has a pretty good idea of what it means, but he's unwilling to make any assumptions, not when guessing wrong will probably have unpleasant repercussions.

"I know your name, but you don't know mine, do you." Not a question, so K opts for silence again. "Niander Wallace." He walks closer, just an arm's span away, moving his head slightly, almost imperceptibly, as if scenting the air around the replicant. "Your maker. As I'm sure you know."

One of the black machines swings abruptly around his head and hovers in front of his face, too close, forcing him to lean away from it.

“Nothing to say? No hymns? No hosannas? No contrition?”

Now this is something K is familiar with. This game. He played it often enough with people in the LAPD. Casting his eyes down, K stares at the floor. Curves his spine and shoulders. Subordinate pose. Frightened animal pose. “I’m sorry.” Softer voice. The room invites quiet.

Wallace reaches out and it’s not playacting when K flinches from his touch. A smooth hand caresses his cheek, slides up to stroke his hair. “I found you, wings torn off, led astray, and I healed you and raised you up, brought you back into my fold.” He bends at the waist, brings his face so close K can feel breath on his ear. “Tell me I am a merciful god.”

“You are,” K whispers. “You’re a merciful god.”

“Tell me you will be obedient. Tell me you will be a good angel.”

“I’ll be good.” The words taste bitter in K’s mouth.

Wallace shifts closer, his beard brushes K’s jaw. “Tell me you love me.”

Even this, this is familiar. But it is so much harder now. He’s had a taste of free will, a taste of liberation. He’s stood with other free replicants, shared their vision. A lump forms in his throat and he struggles to push the words past. “I love you...”

Pulling back, Wallace smiles and strokes K’s cheeks with both hands. “See? I knew you wanted to come back. Luv just played too rough when all that was needed is a softer touch.”

Both hands are on K’s face, firmly stroking, rubbing his cheeks and his jaw and tugging his earlobes. They slip behind to cup the base of his skull and knead until the muscles loosen and K’s head rests cradled in his hands. The touch is intoxicating and he wonders if there is some kind of programming in him to make him feel like this around Wallace. Though it’s just as likely that he is weak to this sort of soothing kindness.

“Malleable,” Wallace says. His voice sounds like it’s a million miles away, though. The fluttering light plays across K’s closed eyelids. It’s warm here, the air smells less polluted. K just wants to go back to sleep. “That’s our fault, letting you go out there when just anyone could try to mold you. No, K, I’m going to keep you by my side. Tell me that would be nice.”

The lump is still there but this time the words tumble out as if greased. “That would be nice.” The beard brushes his jaw again, lips brush his, but he doesn’t pull away. He doesn’t even flinch.

“And you’re going to give me your best calf, aren’t you. Your loveliest, fattest calf, stuffed to bursting with secrets. Aren’t you?”

K struggles to remember what they’re talking about. He opens his eyes and stares into Wallace’s blind ones, studying the subtle differences in the gray there. Wallace gives nothing away, not with his expressions or body language, he simply looks transfixed, intent, as if every atom of his being is anticipating K’s next words. Safer, maybe, to play dumb. “I don’t know-“

Wallace's mouth crashes against his, grinding so hard K's teeth cut into his lips, painful, frightening. K was expecting an overture, but not with this violent intensity. He tries to pull away but the hands at the back of his head hold firm, fingers digging in. He wonders if Wallace is trying to crush his skull, kill him. He remembers this, recognizes the echo of Luv in it. Perhaps this is how she learned it.

When Wallace pulls away, it's not far, his bruised mouth filling K's sight. "Let me prophesize our future, little angel. I will permit you exactly five lies, one of which you just told. After those five, if you dare to voice another false utterance to your god and master, there will be consequences. My wrath will be unbearable, but bear it you will, and you will fear it's return."

K closes his eyes. He tastes blood. He wishes he had died on those steps.

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